

THE NUR AF SHAN

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

Vol. X.

LUDHIANA:—August 17th, 1906.

No.

33

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, Aug. 10.

A telegram from New York says that Professor Elliott, the well-known sealing authority, declares that Aleutian raiding schooners are owned by America or Canada and registered in Japan in order to evade responsibility and are captained and officered by English and Americans.

A despatch from Washington says that when the manoeuvres of the Atlantic fleet are completed Rear Admiral Brownson will take some of the best armoured cruisers direct to the Asiatic station, paying no duty calls *en route*.

This is presumably owing to the recent seal-poaching in the Behring Sea by Japanese vessels.

In yesterday's telegram please read, the local authorities to pay the teachers in "non-provided" schools, instead of the words "not provided in the schools."

[This makes yesterday's message read as follows:—The greatest importance is attached to a judgment of the Court of Appeal that the Education Act of 1902 does not oblige the local authorities to pay teachers for religious instruction in non-provided schools.]

The new development of the Education Bill controversy is being universally discussed.

Probably a final appeal will be made to the House of Lords, but meanwhile a general feeling prevails that the judgment given by the Appeal Court paves the way for a settlement, the present Bill being dropped in favour of a new measure dealing only with the position of teachers.

Large stores of arms, bombs and proclamations have been seized at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

The number of arrests is constantly increasing.

London, Aug. 11.

The Russian Government has decided to prosecute two hundred signatories to the *Duma's* Viborg manifesto the Russian people.

Two thousand persons will be tried at Cronstadt for complicity in a rebellion against the Russian Government.

An aristocratic young lady yesterday committed suicide at an Odessa hotel after accidentally dropping in the street a bomb with which, it is believed, she intended to kill General Kaulbars.

London, Aug. 12.

The young lady who committed suicide at Odessa was the daughter of the General commanding at Warsaw. She was educated with General Kaulbars's daughters. She left a letter stating that she belonged to the terrorists and was commissioned to kill General Kaulbars.

The moderate Liberals have issued a manifesto announcing the formation of a pacific regeneration group consisting of the Dumaists who have been hitherto dissociated from the people's freedom party.

The object of the group is the establishment of a constitutional monarchy based upon equal rights for all nationalities and the accomplishment of the reforms proclaimed by the Tsar on the 30th October.

It favours partial compulsory expropriation of land.

Violent robberies of Government spirit stores and mails are taking place daily on all parts of Russia.

The condition of Warsaw and Lodz is inconceivable. Both are a helpless prey to the terrorists.

A court-martial on the Sreaborg mutineers began at Helsingfors yesterday, and two lieutenants and five soldiers have already been executed.

London, Aug. 11.

The Shah of Persia has announced that he convokes a legislative assembly including elected representatives of all classes to carry out reforms.

The refugees have left the British legation, except 200 having personal claims.

The priests are returning to Teheran.

London, Aug. 12.

Commercial circles welcome a Persian constitution tending to enhance commercial possibilities.

The announcement has been received with enthusiasm by a meeting of Persians in London.

London, Aug. 11.

A Washington despatch states that Chinese labour will be given a thorough test on the works of the Panama Canal in order to replace Jamaican labourers to whom the work has proved too hard.

Contracts for the importation of 2,500 Chinese coolies have been prepared.

London, Aug. 13.

Frequent fights are taking place between Bulgarians and Greeks.

The latest occurred at Anchialos in Bulgaria. A large part of the town was burned and the Greek Metropolitan is reported to have perished in the flames.

Greek circles at Constantinople are perturbed for fear of an anti-Greek movement, the outcome not merely of racial hatred but of an understanding between Bulgaria and Roumania.

The intention is attributed to Bulgaria to follow Roumania's example of applying a prohibitive tariff on Greek imports.

Reuter wires from Peking that Japan has informed China that she is ready to establish a Custom house at Daloy, and urges that similar arrangements be made at the frontier stations of North Manchuria in order to place the traffic of the Japanese and Russian railways on an equality.

The palace physician, using a simple appliance, has greatly relieved the pain and inconvenience of the Sultan's suffering through renal and urethral complications.

At a reception of the Persian Colony at the Legation in London, the Persian Charge d'Affaires read a telegram from the Grand Vizier announcing the convocation of an assembly, and delivered a speech dealing with the high aims of the Shah for the welfare and enlightenment of the people.

The Persian Colony in London then sent a telegram to the Grand Vizier thanking the Shah for his gracious benevolence and praying for his long life.

The *Daily Mail*, in a telegram from Aden, says that the Mad Mullah has raided the Barcharon tribe in the Ogaden region, killing over a thousand tribesmen, and capturing ten thousand camels.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah and the twenty-fourth verse, we have this promise "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer and while they are yet speaking I will hear." The meetings at Sialkot have been looked forward to as the means of a great awakening not only in the Panjab but through all India. It seems as if this expectation were surely to be realized. The following letter has been received by this editor, and as will be observed its date indicates that the blessing had been received before the great meeting in the Panjab had been convened.

To

The Editor Nur Afshan

Dear Sir,

Rev. Ganda Mall and Rev. Masih Charan have just closed a series of revival meetings in the Etawah church. The first four days of the meetings were spent in very earnest preaching and prayer, but the outpouring of the Spirit was withheld until the fifth day. On this day there were some remarkable confessions of sins and a few of the members were quite broken down with conviction. A deep spirit of conviction, indeed, seemed to pervade the entire congregation, and there was weeping and broken confession, followed by very intense prayer for individuals. Some who had been at variance with each other were reconciled and when all obstacles were removed, the Spirit descended, and took possession of the remaining meetings. A new spirit of joy and gladness permeated every meeting to the end. The church goes to her work with renewed zeal and enthusiasm. We desire to ask the prayers of all your readers that this work of revival so auspiciously begun may grow in intensity of purpose and in increased power. As yet its influence has not extended beyond the workers but we expect it to spread out into the District among the new converts and the heathen themselves, by means of the blessings already obtained.

Yours sincerely,

Etawah,
11-8-1906.

A. B. ALLISON.

There is a parable of our Lord's which seems to have a very important application in these days when so many are feeling the impulse to make a public confession of their sins; and that is the parable of the fig tree that went out of a man, and, by and by, returned with seven companions. Apart from any discussion of the question, "Is public confession of private sin enjoined by Scripture or not?" one thing is very certain and that is that such confession must be followed by immediate change of behaviour or else the condi-

tion of the one who has confessed becomes manyfold worse than it was before.

In the last issue of this paper, in the article "An Old Time Revival," the words of the passage "They brought out all the uncleanness that they found into the court" were interpreted to mean that secret sin must be brought to the light and confessed. There is room for a difference of opinion as to the legitimacy of such methods of exposition; but even pursuing the same line of thought, we must see at once that the "bringing out all the uncleanness into the court" is meaningless unless something is to take the place of what has been removed. A sin confessed but not driven out of the life is simply an addition to the great sum of evil known to the world. There is nothing so dangerous as the digging up of an old muck-heap unless the filth be at once destroyed in a fire fierce enough to burn up every vestige of its corruption.

We have heard of so called revivals in some parts of this land and other lands also where sins were acknowledged with what appeared to be great sorrow and shame; but, so far as could be observed afterwards, there was not the slightest attempt to really do away with the evil thus brought to light. The one who confesses draws the attention of the church to himself in an exceptional way.

If he fail thereafter, his faults not only appear worse but are so in as much as it requires a greater degree of depravity to indulge in them.

BEYOND.

Beyond the prison cell

Release!

Beyond the stormy passage

Peace!

Beyond the starless night

The great Sun's rising—

Beyond these wilds a home

Of Death's devising.

After tumultuous years

To creep

Within a lonely room

And sleep!

After the exigence

Of human hunger,

Bread, and lodging, and wine

To need no longer!

How I have longed for this!—

And yet

How can I go content—

Forget

All that was dear in life

Entwined about you?

How can I pass Beyond

In peace without you?

—Allan Munier, in the Atlantic.

THE HOUSE GOD MADE FROM A FIDDLE.

A TRUE STORY.

Did you ever hear of a Sabbath-school in a cellar? Well, I know of one that was started in the cellar of a tobacco barn in the mountains of North Carolina.

When it rained the children would have to raise their rude benches on large rocks to keep their feet out of the water. No rain ever kept them at home. Sabbath after Sabbath they trudged over the steep mountain paths to listen to the beautiful stories that "Miss Jennie" was sure to tell them, and to see the bright pictures on the chart.

Such poor children they were! But Miss Jennie had told them of the beautiful home that was to be theirs some day, and of the white robes they should wear because Jesus had died for them. She had told them of how God loved all little children, and that one way to work for him and please him was to help him take care of them, and had taught them, the verse.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Not far from the tobacco barn stood a small orphanage, and Miss Jennie told the children that perhaps they could help to feed the fatherless, motherless little ones there, and a certain Sabbath was appointed for them to bring anything they could for the orphanage basket.

"Now, what verse did we have last Sabbath?" the teacher had asked, and little Delia Ann had repeated slowly and shyly:

"In—as—much as—you did it to—to one of my brothers—you did it to me."

"That was almost exactly right, Delia Ann. Now, who can tell us what it means?"

"I kin," said Joe. "It means when a feller gives somethin' to another feller 'cause he belongs to God, why—er—why, God thinks as it's jist as good's if a feller had gin it to him, 'cause he loves both fellers a lot."

"Well, then, we must remember that when we give our things to these children it is giving to God and he will be glad to have even the least little thing you can bring."

The great Sabbath afternoon came, bringing every child with a little bundle all ready for the big basket—"God's basket," they called it.

"I bring three cabbages," said Billy proudly. "What did you uns bring?"

"I've got half peck of I'ah taters," shouted Jim.

"They kin have enough corn for once," said Emma, as she displayed the contents of the basket on her arm.

One by one, the children told what the curiously shaped packages and little baskets contained—all except little Delia Ann, the shabbiest one of them all.

She stood apart from the others, looked on with great gray eyes filled with tears which finally overflowed, while

the hand which clasped her tiny bundle was hidden behind her.

"Now, Delia Ann, show yer hand quick," said Jim.

The tears fell faster, and child made no reply until Miss Jennie turned to her with a smile.

"I—I—ain't not nothin' but—but—one tater I saved yistiddy, Miss Jennie. Dad wouldn't give me nothin', but I didn't eat my tater so's I could give God that," she sobbed.

Miss Jennie's eyes were wet as she put her arms around the child.

"God thinks you have brought a great deal, Delia Ann, because you've given him what you what wanted yourself. Now, let's put everything in the basket, and then we'll take it over to Mrs. Bailey for the children."

They were crowding eagerly around the basket when a familiar sound caused Miss Jennie to look up with a smile of welcome.

The newcomer dragged himself slowly along. He was a man of about thirty-five in years, but the face wore the expression of a child of twelve. He was partially paralyzed, and could use only one hand with which he whittled small toys out of soft pine, and now he carried, under one arm, a small fiddle he had made—his most cherished possession.

He fixed his childlike eyes on the basket in the midst of the eager children.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"We'er having such a nice time, Mr. Rafe," answered Miss Jennie. "We are going to help God take care of his children at the Orphanage. We have all brought something for them to eat, and we're going to take the basket over soon."

"It's givin' it to God, too, Miss Jennie said so," said Delia Ann, shyly.

"Are you, sure 'nough?"

"Yes, Mr. Rafe, God courts it all for him."

"Wisht I had somethin'," said the cripple, wistfully.

"Never mind. You can help next time," said the teacher, with her bright smile.

Mr. Rafe looked on quietly for a few minutes while the children filled the basket; then his eyes brightened.

"Miss Jennie," he said eagerly, "did you say as how God could do anything?"

"Yes, Mr. Rafe."

"Anything?"

"Yes, anything that he sees is best to do."

"Could he make a house out of a fiddle?"

"Yes, I think he could," answered Miss Jennie without hesitation.

"Well, then, I'm goin' to give him my fiddle, and I want him to make a house out of it for poor, cripple boys like me."



Limping slowly forward, he laid his beloved fiddle on top of the pile of vegetables.

The heavy basket was proudly carried by the children in turn and gladly received and heartily enjoyed by those at the little orphanage. But what became of the fiddle?

Miss Jennie gained possession of it the next day, and told its story to a minister in Asheville. He used it in a sermon, at the close of which three hundred dollars was collected for a home for crippled boys.

After a while a little house was built among the mountains—the house God made from a fiddle.—Miss Callie L. Edmunds, in *Christian Observer*.

ANointed AND APPOINTED.

By Rev. C. H. Wetherbe.

The man whom God anoints for and appoints to a specific work is quite certain to triumphantly accomplish his mission. At the outset he is divinely equipped for his selected service. God's choice of the man indicates that he knows that the man has in him the capability of a successful agent for carrying out God's express purposes. Formidable obstacles may lie in the track which the servant is to pursue, but the anointing and appointing are God's guarantee that the obstacles will be duly removed, and that nothing shall defeat the divine purpose.

The Bible account of King Cyrus is a vivid illustration of my thought. In the forty-fifth chapter of Isaiah are these words: "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him." God's anointing of Cyrus involved his appointing him to a work of special importance. It was to be a campaign of great proportions, and one also of unusual obstructions and hardships. But note God's frequent promise to Cyrus: "I will go before thee and make the rugged places plain; I will break in pieces the doors of brass and cut in sunder the bars of iron; and I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches in secret places, that thou mayest know that I am the Lord which called thee by thy name, even the God of Israel."

No greater promise could be given to an anointed and appointed servant of God. It was a vigorous pledge of ultimate triumph. And here observe that Cyrus was not what may be called a regenerated believer, yet God chose him for that vast work, proffering him all necessary resources for its complete execution. And to-day it is true that the person whom God anoints for and appoints to a certain line of work for his is thereby assured that he will successfully prosecute his mission, however huge may appear the obstacles and dangers before him. As God promised Cyrus that he would go before him and make "the rugged places plain" and "break in pieces the doors of brass," so he now assures his anointed servant that he will go in advance of him, preparing the way and helping him to a victorious issue.

THE BLESSED LIFE.

PSALM I: 1-3.

By Rev. John R. Davies, D. D.

Apart from the gift of Christ, God's greatest gift to the world is the gift of a human life. We recognize this fact in many ways. Mark the penalties we mete out of those who take life. See the measures we take to preserve life. Count the sums we spend to educate life. Listen to the frequent question, "How can we make the most of life?" and note the various answers. Now it is the simple life, again it is the strenuous life; now it is the ideal life, again it is the consecrated life, and here in our lesson it is the Blessed Life. Let us consider some of its characteristics.

First, it is an ordered life. God's people are often likened in Holy Scripture to trees. Thus the palm, the cedar, the olive, the vine, all serve in this symbolism, and in our lesson the believer is spoken of as a tree planted by the rivers of waters. This word "planted" is telescopic; through it we see the gardener searching far and wide for that particular place where the tree can get the most nourishment, and give the most fruit. At last that place is found, and there the tree is planted; and that suggests the thought of the ordered life. How Biblical is this. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord. The very hairs of his head are all numbered, and in God he lives and moves and has his being. How reasonable is this. Infinite love interested in each believing life, and daily directing all its doings for the attainment of the greatest good. How comforting is this. We grow dissatisfied with our lot in life. We envy the privileges of others. We would change our crosses. We mourn because we do not occupy a more conspicuous place. But a moment's reflection removes the believer's reproach. He is not a weed, the creature of chance. He is not a twig, tossed and twisted by every tempest. He is a tree, God planted by the rivers of water; and under the inspiration of this thought life's cross becomes lighter, life's cup becomes sweeter, and to the humblest soul there comes a dignity which regal sceptre or imperial purple could never bestow.

Second, it is a continuous life. His leaf also shall not wither. We have entered upon the season of the fading, the falling leaf, when field and forest, like one huge battle field, are covered with the forms of the dying and the remains of the dead. But here is a notable exception. The believer is a tree whose leaf does not wither, and in this we get the idea of a continuous life. How suggestive is this thought. Whom he calls, them he also justifies, and whom he justifies them he also glorifies. The believer may fall into sin, play he part of the prodigal, but before the end of the day he will

come back to the Father's house. In every church there are two forms of service, one is represented by the mountain torrent which in spring or winter overflows its banks. But when the summer comes with its needs, there is nothing but the stone and sand baking in the burning sun. Then there is the river which is not much increased in March, nor much decreased in August, but whose constant current is a daily blessing to the communities which line its path; and this symbolizes the continuous believing life of our lesson whose leaf neither frosted in winter, nor burnt in summer is a constant source of strength to the people of God.

Third, it is a responsive life. He bringeth forth his fruit in his season. There is a practical side to the Divine government. God never gives except to get. Wherever he makes an investment he looks for a dividend. For instance, he establishes a nation, organizes institutions, uncovers resources, opens doors of opportunity and then waits for fruit. Generations of grace come and go. At last the divine patience is exhausted, and then cities like Tyre and Babylon, empires like Greece and Rome are given over to judgment. The same is true of the individual. God invests in many a life a pious parentage, a Christian nurture, a liberal education, and then waits for fruit. Year after year mercy lifts her voice and pleads for patience, but at last this grace is exhausted and once more the tragedy of the fig tree in the parable is repeated. But here in our lesson is a responsive life. The tree planted by the rivers of water appreciates its God-given position and privileges, and brings forth fruit, even the fruit of the Holy Spirit for the welfare of man and the comfort of God.

Fourth, it is a successful life. Whatever he doeth shall prosper, that is, will issue in success. When a man makes money, becomes a power in business, is sought after by society, he is called a success. Does God endorse such a verdict? Read the introduction of the Sermon upon the Mount for the divine conception of a successful life. See what and whom Christ called successful. Blessed are the poor, the meek, the merciful, the pure, the peacemakers, the persecuted, the hungry and thirsty after righteousness; these from Christ's point of view are some of the elements of success, and whatever the believer doeth under the divine blessing will ever issue in this gold, this silver, these precious stones of Christian character which alone of all possessions are valuable in time and marketable in eternity.

Missionary enthusiasm is not merely faith, confidence in God, confidence in his word; missionary enthusiasm is love for mankind inspired by and touched with a divine fire; and where this power of the Spirit of God is there that missionary enthusiasm manifests itself in irresistible energy and efficacy.—Richard S. Stora.

ILLITERACY IN THE UNITED STATES.

According to a bulletin just issued by the Census Bureau, about 100 out of every 1,000 persons in the United States more than 13 years of age are unable to write. The proportion for native white population is 46 foreign born whites 128, and negroes 445 in every 1,000.

In 1890 the illiterates of the United States numbered 133 per 1,000 for the total population; 62 for the native whites, 130 for the foreign born whites and 568 for our population of negroes, Indians and Mongolians.

Illiteracy is more prevalent among females than among males in the United States, the proportions being 112 for females and 101 for males per 1,000. There has been a greater gain in literacy among females than among males since 1890, and in explanation of this the bulletin suggests that boys are less subject to parental control than girls, more inclined to play truant from school, and are more frequently wage earners.

In cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants the percentage of illiteracy among children is only 10 per 1,000, while in the country it is 80. Illiteracy is much greater in the South than in the North for all classes of population. Curiously enough there are fewer illiterates among the children of foreign born parents than among those of natives and this is believed to be due to the fact that most of the former live in the cities.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap; and, if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise, it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

Great hearts have largest room to bless the small:
Strong natures give the weaker home and rest:
So Christ took little children to his breast,
And, with a reverence more profound, we fall
In majestic presence that can give
Truth's simplest message: "Tis by love we live."

—Lucy Larcom.

Four large millinery establishments in New York have been raided by the authorities under the law prohibiting the sale of feathers of wild birds. This intended to be a test case, and it will be heard in the Supreme Court. If the law is upheld, raids and prosecutions will take place throughout the States.



MOTHER ANTELOPE'S INSTINCT.

The manner in which the mother antelope protects her young until they are old and strong enough to join the full-grown bands in their wanderings is an interesting and wonderful instance of Nature's providence. These beautiful creatures live in an open country infested by all kinds of enemies, and especially prowled over by the coyote, the gray wolf and the timber wolf, which subsist upon the young of all kinds of animals; yet the mother can easily protect her babies from the fiercest of these marauders. The enemy most dreaded is the soaring eagle.

There is a variety of cactus, a prickly plant which grows in great abundance all over the Western plains, which furnishes her the means for this protection. Horses, cattle, buffalo, and in fact, all animals know the danger of treading on this plant. It grows in large patches, some four or six inches in height above the ground, and forms a thick mat varying in breadth from the size of the top of a man's hat to many feet. It is in the center of one of these patches that the female antelope prepares a place of safety for her young. The thorns of this cactus, while very poisonous and terribly painful to every other animal, for some reason are almost harmless to the antelope. The cactus may lacerate her legs, making them bleed freely, but neither the stickers nor their poison remains; while other animals seldom bleed, but retain the poisonous stickers in their wounds until they become malignant sores, causing excessive swelling of the limbs and very great and long-continued suffering.

When the antelope has selected her patch of cactus, backing away a few feet, she will make a running jump, bounding high in the air and alighting in the middle of the patch, with all four feet close together, the hoofs pointing downward. Then, springing out again and repeating this operation until she has chopped the roots of the cactus plant to pieces, she loosens and clears a space large enough for standing room. She then will enlarge it by pawing and digging with her sharp hoofs. Here she gives birth to her young in undisturbed security, knowing that she can leave them in comparative safety during the day and return to them at night to give them suck. Should it be in a locality where eagles abound, however, the mother does not venture far away, as the soaring eagle often swoops down on the young, taking them away if she is not there to do battle for their lives.

—Century.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

A ship was out twenty-three days from Manila to the Sandwich Islands. It was a silent, dead-black night. The lead showed deep sea. Suddenly the passengers felt as if the ship had grounded, and one of them tells the story in "The Youth's Companion."

The mate suggested a sunken wreck, but the skipper stuck to the theory of earthquake. Subsequent events showed that he was right.

Daybreak revealed a low and misty sky. We lay as if becalmed in the midst of an oily sea, strangely discolored in patches. Suddenly the water trembled. I can use no other word. The ship rolled, and in the distance rose a huge, balloon-shaped mass of vapor, steam and smoke. There was not the slightest sound, but a long line of chafing water stretched across the streaky calmness. Then the vapor settled over all, and we could hear, but see, the seething and pouring water all about us. The captain ordered a bucketful to be drawn up. It was hot, and smelled like gas works.

"H'm!" remarked the old skipper, as he sniffed it. "They're poking up a new continent. I wish we were out of it."

The air grew more oppressive every moment. The vessel gave a gentle side roll and word was passed that we were aground. Over went the lead, and came up covered with blue, oozy mud. We were wallowing in sludge, the darkness was pall-like, and the atmosphere suffocatingly close. Then the air was rent with reports, awful to hear in that blackness. There were three of the deafening, roaring blasts, and all was again still.

When the light came, red and unnatural, a strange sight met our eyes. It was as if the bottom of the Pacific was laid bare. We were helpless in a sea of thick mud. The sulphur fumes were choking, and we had to take refuge below. Hour after hour we gasped, facing the probabilities of a death by suffocation. Suddenly we felt that we were afloat. Whatever the bank of mud that held us, it had disappeared, and after a time we made our way out of the gruesome spot.

When we reached Honolulu the crew deserted. "There's no luck in a ship that has seen the bottom of the sea," they said.

—:—:—

THE BROTHERS.

One little brother is short and slow;

The other is taller and can run,

For he takes twelve steps with his longer leg

While his brother is taking one.

One little brother a bell must ring,

With every step that he slowly makes;

But the other runs gaily from morn till night

Nor cares to notice the steps he takes.

He who loves riddles may guess me this one.

Who are the brothers and where do they run?

—Agnes L. Mitchell, in St. Nicholas.

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